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"AH-GOO!"

Vot vas id mine baby vas trying to say,
Ven I goes to hees crib at der preak of der day?
Und oudt vrom der planket peeps ten leedle toes,
So pink und so shveet as der fresh plooming rose,
Und twisting und curling themselves all aboudt,
Shust like dhey vas saying: "Ve vant to get oudt!"
Vhile dot baby looks oup, mit dhose bright eyes so plue,
Und don'd could say nodings; shust only:
"Ah-Goo!"

Vot vas id mine baby was dinking aboudt,
Vhen dot thumb goes so quick in his shveet leedle mout',
Und he looks right away like he no undershtandt
Der reason he don'd could quite shvallow hees handt;
Und he digs mit dhose fingers righdt indo hees eyes,
Vhich fills hees oldt fader mit fear und surbrise;
Und vhen mit dhose shimnasdic dricks he vas droo,
He lay back and crow, and say nix budt:
"Ah-Goo!"

Vot makes dot shmall baby shmile, vhen he's ashleep;
Does he dink he vas blaying mit some von "bo-peep?"
Der nurse say dhose shmiles vas der sign he haf colic—
More like dot he dhreams he vas hafing some frolic;
I feeds dot oldt nurse mit creen abbles, some day,
Und dhen eef *she* shmiles, I pelief vot she say:
Vhen dot baby got cramps he find someding to do
Oxcept shmile, and blay, und keep oup hees
"Ah-Goo?"

I ask me, somedimes, vhen I looks in dot crib:
"Vill der shirdt-front, von day, dake der blace off dot bib?
Vill dot plue-eyed baby, dot's pooling mine hair,
Know all vot I knows aboudt drouble und care?"
Dhen I dink off der voridt, mit its pride und its sins,
Und I vish dot mineself und dot baby vas twins,
Und all der day long I haf nodings to do
Budt shust laugh and crow, und keep saying:
"Ah-Goo!"

—*Charles Follen Adams, in Youth's Companion.*

HOW TO MAKE GLOVES.

Their Manufacture in a Specimen American Factory.

The Steel Hands Used for Cutting—A Dainty Process for Fine Gloves—No "Back-aches" in this Business.

In the work-room of a glove factory, which we lately entered, we found some of the operators cutting prepared skins into blocks or square pieces, the exact length and width of certain sizes of gloves and mittens. The skins, two or three thicknesses at a time, after being laid under a cutter, were chopped square in an instant. This was the second step in the process. In another place a young man stood before a machine that looked like a printing press of moderate size. Beside him on a table were heaps of the square cut skins. He showed me, at a sign from the fore-woman, a square box open on one side, in which was a shining-steel outline of a hand. On this outline or shape he now laid six squares of skin, and, slipping a cover on the box, placed it on the top of the queer-looking machine, fixing it very squarely and evenly. Then he siezed a string which held the handle of an upper arm, pulled this arm with it two big iron balls—one at each end—twisted it on one side, then gave it a sharp, sudden turn twice, each time a soft distinct thud being heard.

"Now you are to look," said my conductor.

The young man again fastened the handle of the cutting-machine, then he took out the box. He was obliged to use a hammer in opening it, the top had become so fast. There in the box lay the entire glove, cut as smoothly and evenly and perfectly in shape as if done by the most dexterous scissors—six of them. Each part of the six gloves was complete: the hand, the fingers, the thumb isolated and by itself, with the little gusset on the under side of the thumbpiece and the strips that go between the fingers. The workman quickly took out and laid aside the six gloves and repeated the operation with another set of six skins.

"Are all your gloves cut by machinery?" I asked.

"All, save those made to private orders, where the hand is carefully measured all over and the skin cut with the scissors. Now, see again. From the cutting-machine—and all gloves made for the general trade in Europe are cut in the same way—must be taken out all the shavings, the little scraps that are waste. This is done by other workmen. Then pairs are carefully sorted to each other and laid together and marked."

"Are they all made here?"

"Oh, no, they are carried to the private houses by the dozen of pairs, all persons taking them away having a book in which the number taken and returned is registered. We make only the best quality here."

The buzz of sewing-machines was audible all over the building; and no wonder, since the large room was entirely occupied by girls making different kinds of gloves. There are several kinds of machines used in glove-sewing, some of French invention, some of American, the over sewers all French. No gloves whatever are now sewed by hand. My guide led me to one side of the long-room, in which she said the finest gloves were made, and where several girls sat each before a peculiar-looking machine, its needles turned sidewise instead of being in a horizontal position. This process seemed to be a dainty one. On each machine lay a pile of soft dark skins, cut and and ready for manufacture. The machine was in this instance threaded with white silk, two spools. The operator picked up a glove and folded it together—from the lower part of the thumb to the wrist it is cut whole—and began the outside seam, a diminutive hook letting down the silk, the needle catching it, and thus the beautiful, even overseam of the glove was made. When she reached the top of the little finger the operator paused, and picking up a pile of small slits of kid, selected one and inserted it in the seam she was sewing. If you will examine a kid glove, this insertion of the slit or gusset between the fingers will be understood. Down then she went with the seam to the inside of the little finger; and so on up and down fingers, until she reached the top of the fore-finger, where she turned and went back to complete the outer seams of the gussets till the top of the little finger was again reached. The sewing of the thumb piece and thumb gusset was an after process.

"Now she has done her part of the glove," remarked the forewoman,

"How many pairs does she sew in a day?"

"I think she and all the smart girls can sew six or seven dozen pairs a day. The stitching on the back of the glove is made by another machine."

The next group of sewers made a different seam in the gloves—a flat seam. It was stitched by another kind of machine; and there were still other kinds, all for fine gloves for gentlemen's and ladies' wear. The finishing at the top, whether of binding, pinking or with gauntlets, was all done by separate workwomen, as well as the putting on of buttons and fastenings. Thus a completed glove has passed through the hands of five or six persons before it is folded and packed for sale.

"How many kinds of gloves do you make?"

"Oh, so many," said the cutter. "There are heavy gloves for warmth, both gentlemen's and ladies'—coarse, thick affairs they are; there are the driving gloves, the gauntleted gloves, now so popular, and the visiting gloves. Then there are leather mittens, lined with the woolen and topped with the fur, and the castor glove and all the undressed leather gloves of both yellow and black. Ah, there are many gloves!"

"How much does the ordinary glove-maker earn per week?"

"From $10 to $15. Some earn $20; but usually they get $40 in the month, and the demand for the labor is greater than the supply. Little girls that do nothing but tie the ends of the threads on the coarser kinds of gloves can earn $15 per month. Ah, it's the good business. It is not the heavy kind. It makes no back to ache."

Later I learned the process of preparing the skins. The domestic, that is, the American skins of different kinds, and the imported, both "in the raw," are placed in a cask, seventy-five or eighty at a time, to receive a salt pickle; they are then washed and placed in an alum bath, in which they remain twelve hours. Then they are stretched by a thin, round-faced iron, to remove wrinkles, and then are fastened to a frame to dry, either in the sun or by steam. They are next sorted for coloring, the best being reserved for the lighter shades. Again they are washed and put in an egg bath, the yelk alone being used. After the egg bath, the skins, being now a pure white, are laid flesh side down on zinc or lead tables, and brushed over with liquid dyes, composed of wood, citron, redwood, lignum vitæ, Brazil bark, etc., according to the colors desired.

"Is this the final process?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said the proprietor of the mill. "The color must be set, and for this purpose a mordant of some kind is used—that is, the skins must be brushed with a preparation of alum, copperas and blue vitriol, again dried, then dampened and rolled up in separate parcels, flesh side out, and packed in barrels to season; that is to render every part alike, and equally soft and pliable. After the seasoning they are shaved; that is, a sharp knife is passed over the flesh side, and every little bunch or superfluous particle is removed, making the surface smooth and soft. The last process is to polish the grain side of the skin with a pad made of flannel, making it still softer and more pliable and ready for manufacture. The finest white skins are reserved for white gloves, and are rubbed and rerubbed with the flannel pad."

"What a slow process!"

"Yes, and one requiring great care. Deer skins are the most difficult to prepare and the tanning is somewhat, but not essentially different, save in the smoking to which they are subjected. They are placed in a smoke-house to dry, the smoke also darkening them. Oh, there's work in it, plenty of work, hard, careful, pottering work, but it's a good business and an enduring one."

The question of economy in gloves would seem to be a difficult one, with the ladies especially. There is, it appears, no substitute for a kid glove either in wear or in appearance; thread and silk gloves are a delusion and a snare. The dogskin glove outwears two or three kids, but it costs more, to begin with; it looks well, but can only be worn in the street. The cheap kid glove hardly has enough endurance for a street glove, though a cheap, many buttoned gant de suede, if one is so fortunate as to find a make that fits, can be very well worn for occasions of half dress, as, for instance, a dinner or reception, where the hands are not much used, or the gloves removed early in the evening. One can find such gloves for from sixty to eighty cents a pair, and they will serve many such occasions. At a dancing party, however, they are exhausted in an evening. Perhaps it may not be considered out of place to advert here to a remark of common occurrence, bearing on the subject, at the meeting of friends more especially when it takes place in the streets. Certain kinds of mistaken politeness, sincere as they are, are absurd enough to be grotesque. A common mistake of this sort with some persons is to say "Excuse my glove," when they offer their hand to a casual acquaintance or on introduction to a stranger. It might be inferred from this remark that the wearing of gloves is extremely rare in a civilized community or that the wearer wishes to advertise the extraordinary fact that he or she has gloves. All he really desires is to appear polite; never suspecting for a moment that he is simply ridiculous. If one offers to shake hands with ony one in a place where it is necessary to wear gloves, he certainly needs no excuse for compliance with the habit. He might with equal reason on receiving a visitor at his house, apologize to him for not removing his coat before bidding him welcome. The superfluous phrase probably had its origin in the days when gloves were clumsy, and used more for protection than as an essential to dress. Then the naked hand was thought to be an evidence of good will and cordiality. Since gloves have been universally adopted, the idea of asking pardon for wearing them is an anchronism as well as an impropriety. Gloves are now made to fit exactly, so that, were it courtesy to take them off on encountering one's friends and acquaintances, an amount of time and trouble would be required which would inevitably render a social greeting at once a comical exhibition and a bore.
—*D. C. M., in Brooklyn Eagle.*

UNCLE ABE'S VIEWS.

A Most Interesting Opinion on a Peculiar Colored Weakness.

Uncle Abe belonged to that class among the colored people who were raised in slavery and were self-instructed in the principles of moral philosophy. Interest, with that plausible sophistry which a willing disposition furnishes the temper, argued that two wrongs make a right; consequently, stealing from a master was not stealing. With his fervent religious nature, he was greatly interested in the discussion of much-mooted points of Christian tenet and doctrine. But the polemics of learned doctors, in his hands, often led to startling conclusions. After emancipation, realizing the boon of opportunity, Uncle Abe sent his children to school; but, like all men, white and black, while he admitted the advantage of learning over ignorance, he always felt himself an exception to the rule. He believed it necessary to educate other people in order to bring them on a level with his mother-wit. There is no denying his general shrewdness, although the sincerity of some of his positions may be doubted. Jacob, his eldest son, soon began to display an activity of intellect and evince a disposition to inquire into first and final causes that gave the old man some trouble to maintain that supremacy which he assumed, and which had hitherto been unquestionably conceded by the family. The oracle was hard-pressed by the devotee.

"Daddy," said Jacob of the nascent intellect one night as they sat around the wide-mouthed, mud-daubed, stick chimney while the pot of chittlings suspended from the crane bubbled a low and savory song of joy, "you said your master was a mighty hard man, an' didn't give you all enuff to eat. How could you work when you was hungry?"

"Huh! chile, I got plenty. I didn't ax nobody to feed me. I use' to go to de smoke-house an' tare sum'tious, an' de chickens said dere prairs ev'ry night—case dey didn't know which one had to go nex'. Ef you wants to ketch a chicken so he won't holler, jis take him by the nake so," illustrating with the poker, "an' you got 'im."

"But, daddy, whose meat and chickens was they?"

"Dey war mine when I got a holt uv em," said the old man, laughing boisterously.

"But whose wos they before you took 'em?"

"W'y, moster claimed 'em, but I guess some uv 'em belonged to me, seein's I worked fur 'em."

"But was it right to take 'em without askin' for 'em?"

"Uv course, 'cause ef I had a-ast, I'd a-got a whippin' an' no meat neither." This ratiocination did not seem conclusive, for Jacob continued:

"Would it be right for me to take some of them big October peaches I helped you plant?"

"No," said the old man, hastily, alarmed for his best fruit, "an' you better not."

"Why wouldn't it be right?" said Jacob, acquiescing without question in the inexpediency of the proposed act.

"'Cause I'se your pa," said Uncle Abe, conclusively.

"Would it be right to take some of mammie's preserves?"

"No," sententiously responded the philosopher.

"Why?"

"'Cause she's your ma," confidently.

"Would it be right to take buddie Jim's hick'ry nuts?"

"No!"

"Why?"

"'Cause he's your brer," triumphantly.

"Would it be right to take some of Mr. Thompson's roas'in ears?"

"No, an' you better not go foolin' roun' dere neither, fur he doan' take no foolishness."

"When is it right to take something from somebody?" asked the boy, using indefinite terms, finding all specific cases under the ban.

"'Taint never right fur you to take nothin' fum nobody," answered Uncle Abe in a sentence that was a triumph of jugglery in the use of negatives. And fearing lest Jacob might still be inclined to emulate his prowess, he continued: "You mus'n try to do as I duz, 'case circumstances alters cases—you'se a little boy an' I'se a man; I's got a family to pervide fur, an' you ain't. Ef you wus to try to do as I duz, you'd git cotched de fust time. Chilun ain't so sharp dese days. Min,' now, ef you touches dem October peaches, I gwine to skin you 'live."—*B. T. Kealing, in Century.*

How to Speak the Truth.

It is all-important that you speak the truth when you do speak; but the fact that it is the truth which you speak is not the only important factor in your speaking. You must speak the truth in love, in love of the truth, and in love of the person to whom you speak; for unless you are loving, and speak lovingly, you may have less power for good than any one who speaks in that spirit without speaking the truth. The truth itself suffers in contrast with love-mixed error, when the element of love is lacking in the declaration of truth.
—*S. S. Times.*

—Harvard will play foot-ball again with the other colleges, the faculty having withdrawn its veto.

FREE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Matthew Arnold's Views on Those of Germany, France and Switzerland.

The privileges of popular education have been so long enjoyed in this country as a part of our system of government that they are accepted with as little thought as the air we breathe. It is difficult to understand that in England the free public school, as we have it here, not only does not exist, but its establishment is advocated by only a few, and then with extreme timidity. Under the last Tory administration Mr. Matthew Arnold was designated to make a study of the free-school system of the Continent. He devoted four months to investigation, and now, the Government in the meantime having twice changed hands, his report is printed. The countries which have a free-school system are Germany, Switzerland and France. In the first-named, although the law prescribes free education, it is only in Berlin and a few other favored districts that the authorities can afford to comply with the law. Mr. Arnold, however, found the Minister of Education warmly in favor of making the schools free in practice as they are in theory, and Bismarck is of the same way of thinking, affirming that "free schooling is a particularly safe and useful form of public aid to the working classes."

Mr. Arnold finds that the free schools in Switzerland resemble those of the United States in this particular, that, instead of being established by a political or governing class for the benefit of the lower classes, they are established by the community for its own benefit. A rich man at Zurich, the largest employer of labor in Switzerland, sends his own children, girls and boys, without hesitation, to the public school; and this equality of conditions generally prevails. Education is free and compulsory, and rests for support on municipal taxation. In France, when Mr. Arnold asked what motive prompted the establishment of the great gratuitous system of public education, he was told "the democratic idea," by which was meant the desirability of abolishing all distinction between the child who could afford to pay fees for his schooling and the child who could not. But the undenominational, anti-commercial idea is equally operative. Mr. Arnold bears testimony to the excellence of the training schools, especially those at Antuil and Fontenoy, and instances with particular praise the master of the latter, the lessons of pedagogy in whose hands "became a treatment really moral and religious, and yet neither Catholic nor Protestant." In general Mr. Arnold found the moral and civic instruction which is now substituted throughout the French schools for direct religious instruction of little or no value.

In Paris the municipality not only provides free schools but free books, free materials and in some cases free dinners. In connection with all the infants' schools and primary schools there is established a system of penny dinners, and it is a rule that to all children really poor the dinners shall be given free. Mr. Arnold says that he saw no groups of children who could be called dirty and neglected, the arrangement made for cheap or free dinners enabling the parents to send their children decently dressed. The *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests that the spectacle of the municipality of Paris spending its money on dinners and books for poor children is perhaps more humane and even more religious than that of the corporation of London presenting gold caskets to Princes or guzzling away a fortune in public banquets.—*Boston Transcript.*

A NEGLECTED SENSE.

A Physician's Plea for the Education of the Nose in the Sense of Smelling.

"Isn't it a little singular, don't you think," said Dr. H. R. Allen, "that the nose, the organ of smelling, has, through all the long centuries, been neglected in the matter of education? All the other senses, save that alone of smelling, are cultivated and improved. Take that of sight, which has been aided and educated by means of the microscope and telescope, not to speak of spectacles, which overcome visual deficiencies and continue old eyes in useful employment to the last moment of existence. If you have a daughter with a piano, or neighbors similarly endowed, you know what has been done in educating the touch. By educating the finger tips the blind are enabled to read. The senses of hearing and of taste are both educated.

"Take the practical arts. What a blessing a plumber or a health officer would be with a nose trained to his business. What a sweet boon a specialist would be who, with a sniff or two in the suspected locality, would be able to say, 'this is malaria,' 'that's scarlatina,' 'there's typhoid fever.' Isn't it strange that this last quarter of the nineteenth century, big with great inventions, has done nothing for this long-neglected sense? Then the shape of the nose. It is not unlikely that it has greatly degenerated in form from what it once was. Take an old coin of Rome or Greece, and you will readily satisfy yourself that this is no mere assumption. Roman and Grecian noses of pure types are now extremely rare. These distinctive types are merging into a conglomerate nose. It is said that character depends largely upon the form of the nose. Why, then, leave so much to chance? Why not train up a nose in the way it should go?

"If a person has a good nose, a nose of character, he usually, like the blue china, endeavors to live up to it. To elevate the race, then, would it not be well to begin with the noses? I have little doubt that a pug nose has, in many cases, been more burdensome than the proverbial millstone. Many a boy of good intentions has perhaps been turned aside from the path of high endeavor by discovering in the formative period that his nose was a pug or of some other plebeian form. Many, it is true, have been able to rise above such a discouraging endowment, but no one can compute the thousands who have fallen after a noble but ineffectual struggle against a nose."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

AMERICAN BOODLERS.

Why the Self-Exiled Citizens of the United States and Canada Can Not Be Reached.

"If the Dominion is full of American defaulters the people of the United States have themselves to blame for it," said C. P. Davidson, Q. C., Crown Prosecutor. "Canada has on two occasions endeavored to obtain an extradition treaty, while the failure on the part of Congress to accept the last imperial treaty is a matter of regret to every well-thinking Canadian."

The Crown Prosecutor of the district of Montreal is as competent as any authority in the country to speak on this subject. He has been retained in nearly all the large cases against American defaulters who have fled to this province, including the Eno, McMahon, Neeld and other cases, but, owing to the inadequacy of the present extradition laws, he has been unsuccessful in sending back the scoundrels to meet the punishment they so well deserve. In the city of Montreal alone at present there are upward of thirty refugees from across the line who dare not set foot on American territory. These embrace the four New York "boodle" aldermen, Dempsey, De Lacy, Sayles and Kirk; John Keenan, the "Bismarck" of New York politics, who is known to have supplied the "boodle;" ex-Reading Clerk Moloney, who placed the "stuff;" Hoexter, the notorious New York insolvent who reached Canada in safety with $150,000 of his creditors' money, which he has since lost in bucket-shops; Charles Walters, the Baltimore bank clerk, who is wanted for forgery; the McMahon brothers, of Lynn, Mass., the fraudulent debtors; Goldstein, the runaway jeweler, of Albany, N. Y.; Bartholomew, the New England bank president, but last, not least, John C. Eno, who has been staying at the Windsor for some weeks, evidently having become bored with the "churchyard silence" of his adopted home (Quebec), the ancient capital of this province. None of these men make any secret of their whereabouts, they use no endeavor to conceal their identity and they may be seen daily sunning themselves on St. James street, reading the ticker quotations on the street or smoking a cigar on the rotunda of the Windsor, the fashionable uptown hotel. Their stealings alone aggregate millions of dollars, still they walk our streets free as air, and when the word "extradition" is mentioned to them they jauntily reply that they can not be "taken over" on a misdemeanor. Neeld had the cool effrontery to seek an asylum here in the vicinity where the headquarters of one of the banks he had victimized to the extent of $97,000 was situated, and in fact was first seen in company with his wife surveying the handsome building from the street.

The New York boodlers continue to live in princely style. Keenan has a suite of six rooms at the Windsor. He drives a fast team which he keeps at Morey's livery-stable near by, has a governess for his girls and a McGill college professor to coach his boys every day. DeLacy lives at the same house, and while not so grand in his manner of living, spends not less than $40 a week. At the St. Lawrence hall "Billy" Moloney, with his buxon wife and pretty blonde daughter is quartered. His two boys have entered Jesuit College, while his youngest girl is a boarder at Ville Marie Convent, one of the most expensive educational institutions in the province. Dempsey, Sayles and Kirk are also guests at the "hall," and many is the bottle of wine they make way with. The same house boards Hoexter and Goldstein, while at the Richelieu, in the French quarter, a perfect colony of smaller "boodlers" are found keeping company with the actresses of the second-class theaters.

But while Canada is full of American refugees, it must not be supposed that the United States is free from its contingent of Canadian scoundrels. Boston posseses Hunter, the defaulting Montreal notary, who swindled his clients here out of $400,000, while Chicago gives a refuge to his son, who aided and abetted his father's frauds. New York harbors Craig, the absconding president of the Exchange Bank of Canada, who ruined the institution, and overdrew his account to the tune of $200,000, while his brother, the ex-treasurer of the Montreal Loan and Mortgage Company, finds an asylum in Detroit. Three defaulting corporation officials from this city are now located in New York—O'Meara, the ex-city clerk; De Courcy Harnett, the ex-collection attorney, and Merrill, the ex-cashier. It also harbors the absconding Montreal lawyer, F. J. Keller, who is now a practicing attorney of Gotham; two defaulting notaries, Alfred Isaacson, and J. B. Houle and numerous commercial swindlers. Philadelphia has as a guest Nathan Isaacs, who, a few months ago, absconded from here after swindling the banks and his creditors to the tune of $170,000 by means of false invoices. The above are but a few of the many criminals who by reason of the absence of reciprocal criminal laws, are enabled to carry on a reciprocity of crime and enjoy a safe harbor of refuge on either side of the line. Seldom does a week go by without an exchange of criminals in one direction or another, and still all efforts to bring about a treaty which would reach the fellows are unavailing. Still the Dominion does not give up hope of ultimate success, and another treaty somewhat modified from the last imperial text will again, at the request of the Canadian Government, be laid before the Cabinet at Washington.—*Montreal Cor. N. Y. World.*

A Considerate Flirt.

Hostetter McGinnis is a male flirt. He was taken to task by Gilhooly, who said, reproachfully:

"You have been courting all four of those Longcoffin girls all summer, why don't you marry one of them?"

"I'd do it, Gilhooly, but I don't want to do any thing to forfeit the esteem of the other three."—*Texas Siftings.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are sixty art schools and eleven thousand art students in the State of Massachusetts.

—The First Colored Baptist Church of Nashville, Tenn., has a $35,000 house and a membership of 3,100.

—The Wittenberg Synod at its recent meeting in Springfield, O., passed resolutions favoring scientific temperance instruction in the public schools and colleges of the State.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Rev. Robert Cushman preached the first sermon in New England. It was delivered at New Plymouth, December 12, 1621, and was "On the Sin and Danger of Self Love." It was printed in London, and is believed to be the oldest sermon extant preached in America.—*Boston Budget.*

—Rev. Dr. Deems, of this city, thinks that one reason why so many ministers break down early in their work is because they are constant Sabbath breakers. The earnest clergymen never lets up from Monday morning until Sunday night, while the laws of nature demand a seventh-day rest.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The well-known oculist, Dr. Hermann Cohn, of Breslau, objects strongly to the slate ordinarily used by school children, and proposes the use of white stone slabs. Dr. Steffan, in a recent number of the *Monatsschrift fur Augenheilkunde*, shares Dr. Cohn's objections to the slate, but recommends white enameled tinned iron as the best material for writing tablets.

—An Indianapolis editor thinks that there ought to be an attractive summer resort to which clergymen of all denominations should particularly be drawn, just as there is a Saratoga for sporting men and a Newport for ultra fashionables. They would gain much from the opportunities that would be offered in such a careless assemblage for brushing against one another and exchanging courtesies and ideas.

—New Catholic parochial schools in the United States have been opened during the past summer at the rate of ten or fifteen weekly, and it is predicted that before the close of this decade the number of Catholic schools in this country will be doubled. At present the most moderate estimate gives 500,000 pupils attending the Catholic parochial schools, with 100,000 more in the higher institutions.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Thirteen missionaries left Boston the other day for foreign lands. Among them were seven young women, four of whom—Miss Maggie S. Webb, Miss Grace Greenough and the Misses Marion E. Sheldon and Julia Bissell—go to take positions in the seminaries of Brouse, Adabazar, Adana and Martin, in Turkey, and Ahmednagar, in India. The others go to Central Turkey, Japan and India.—*Boston Journal.*

—Brooklyn is growing famous for its long pastorates. Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs has been pastor of the Congregational Church of the Pilgrims since it was founded forty years ago. Rev. H. Ward Beecher has been with his people thirty-nine years. Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Haskins, rector of St. Marks' Episcopal Church, began his ministry with his present charge forty-seven years ago, while Rev. Sylvester Malone, of the Roman Catholic Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, has served in his present charge over forty years.—*Christian at Work.*

HIS INTENTIONS.

They Were Very Good, But Failed to Explain the Point of the Joke.

A gentleman once apologized for a friend's bad singing by declaring that "Tom's intentions were perfectly honorable." The same remark will apply to some persons whose appreciation of a joke is not acute. A Dutchman was standing in a strictly temperance drug-store, when a youth of the "too smart" type entered, and demanded something with a "stick" in it. The clerk promptly handed him a bottle of mucilage. Greatly to the German's perplexity, every one laughed.

Some benevolent person took the trouble to explain the joke, whereupon the honest Dutchman laughed long and loud, and determined to relate the circumstances to his wife Katrina.

He hastened home, and said:

"Mein vife!"

"Vell?"

"I shoost gome to told you ter pest shoke in der vorldt!"

"Vas ist das?"

"Vell, I vas in der trug-shtore shoost now already, und von sheeky younk man he come in und say: 'Gif me sometings mid a piece of vood in it.' Und der glerk he shoost tage down von poddle of glue, und gif it to him. Haw! haw! haw!"

"But I don't see someting funny in dat."

"Vall, I didn't at first, Katrina, but after it vas oxplain, I laff myself most to pieces!" was the encouraging reply.

But Katrina looked solemn.—*Youth's Companion.*

French Toilets in Wool.

New contrasts in color and the use of cloths for the two colors are the features of the most elegant French tailor gowns. For instance, a heliotrope cloth dress opens over a vest and petticoat of Suede cloth. A sage green cloth costume has a lower skirt of gray-white cloth bordered with brown fur. Bright red serge gowns for gay young ladies are half covered with braid or with passementerie of an equally bright blue shade, which for older women are dark green garments draped on castor brown, or on Suede, or the golden browns so long in favor. Next to the use of cloths and velvets come plush and fur in combination with cloth, and the plushes are most varied in designs, appearing in great blocks, in bars, in plaids, in stripes, in leaf patterns, and in imitation of leopard and tiger skins—the two kinds of fur that are now most used for parts of cloth dresses, such as the waistcoat, the sleeve cape, panels, and borders.—*Harper's Bazar.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Verdi will celebrate next year his fifty years' jubilee as a composer.

—H. A. Aldrich, of Mendon, Mass., has been postmaster at that place for sixty years.

—A colored girl of Laurens County, bears the lovely name: "Fair Rosa Beauty Spot Temptation Touch Me Not.—*Savannah News.*

—"Oliver Optic" says he has written 113 books besides the hundreds of stories contributed to magazines and newspapers. He is 64 years old.

—Rev. John Rodney, of Philadelphia, is the oldest living graduate of Princeton College. He belonged to the class of 1816. He is also the oldest Episcopal clergyman in the country.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Leonard W. Jerome, of New York, allows his daughter, the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, $15,000 per annum. Lord Churchill's salary is $25,000 a year.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Archduke Joseph, of Austria, has written a grammar of the language of the gypsies. It bears the taking title of "Romanocsibakerosziklaaibe," and the manuscript consists of two hundred and thirty-nine folio pages, exclusive of the title.

—Five hundred million dollars were represented at the wedding of Miss Rita Armstrong and Mr. A. J. Drexel, the banker's son, at Elbernon, Long Branch, the other day. Among the presents was $500,000 to the bridegroom.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—John W. Mackay says, in reference to the report that he was negotiating for Houghton Hall in order that Mrs. Mackay might be able to entertain the Prince of Wales: "There is no reason on earth why I should purchase a home in England. My business interests, my pleasures, my habits, and my friendships all call me to the Western World. It is well enough to travel in Europe, but for steady living, the United States is good enough for me."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Donn Piatt writes, concerning his appointment as postmaster at Mac-o-cheek, O.: "Itwas greatness thrust upon me as a practical joke. The patrons of the office do not find it so funny now. I have moved the office to my house and taken down the old sign from my gate, which was: 'No Admission on Business,' and in its place hung up a tin horn with directions which read: 'Any one having business with this post-office will blow the horn and give the P. M. time to chain his dogs.'"

—Mrs. Alice Tobin, who died in Arcade, N. Y., recently, aged one hundred years and three months, was a remarkable woman. Until within a month of her death, she retained all her faculties, and engaged in household duties. Her cheeks were rosy and her step elastic. She never used glasses during her life, and could see to thread even the finest cambric needles. Her mental faculties remained unimpaired up to the very last hour. She was the mother of twelve children.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HUMOROUS.

—The latest pronunciation of matrimony is "matter o' money."

—The cucumber is an Odd-Fellow. Try him and see whether he can't give you the grip.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—A Michigander has grown a sunflower four feet in circumference. Carry the news to Oscar. He will grow Wilde over it.

—An observant writer says that few men know what to do with their hands. They should offer them to some nice girl.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—"Culchaw!"—A provincial lady of culture was lately heard to remark: "I ain't much of a grammarist, but I'm a pretty good 'rithameticker."

—Many a young man who has been too bashful to propose to a girl has had her father come into the parlor at eleven o'clock and help him out.

—Mulcahey (on seeing a base viol for the first time)—"Be Heavins! The mon that plays that fiddle must be moighty long-armed."—*Rambler.*

—A witness in a case in a New Orleans court the other day, being exhausted, asked for a glass of water, whereupon the judge turned to the cross-examining counsel and said, blandly: "Don't you think you'd better let this witness go, seeing that you have pumped him dry?"

—The child who makes the acquaintance of the maternal slipper may have the satisfaction of knowing that its mother once underwent the same operation at the hands of its grandmother. This is one of the reasons why children are so fond of their grandparents.—*New Haven News.*

—"Oh, Miss Brown, who was that homely young lady you were with this afternoon?" "That, sir? That was my sister." "Oh—ah—I beg ten thousand pardons! I ought to have noticed the great resemblance! That is—that is—" Then he wished an earthquake would happen right then and there.

—Poetry and Truth. Spindler (quoting)—"With half my appetite, good dame, my leather doublet would be a feast indeed!" Servant—"I'm glad you feel that way, sir, for Missus wanted me to tell you that she's lost the mallet and the steak ain't been pounded quite so much as common."—*Tid-Bits.*

—He (referring to painting)—"Don't you think the introduction of one or two birds would give you a little more life, Miss Bessie?" She (referring to lunch)—"How thoughtful of you, Mr. Short, and how delicately you put the invitation!"—(and he had to run her over to the nearest hotel and order broiled quail for two.)—*Exchange.*

—A small boy in a bright family wanted something of his mother the other day when she was very busy writing. She was absorbed in her work, and did not look up at his repeated "Mamma! mamma!" beside her elbow. "Well," said he at last, flinging away from her side in a pet: "It's no use to try to make my mamma hear when she is writing; she is just ignominious of every thing!"—*Chicago Ledger.*